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The Focus

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The Note of the Universe

MY PEN is dipped in Marah's bitter floods,
I cannot sing of joy and frolic mirth;
Some of sadness always seems to rise
As of a passing sigh o'er all the earth.
The deep slow music of the coming storm,
The laughter even of the wind-tossed trees,
The measured breathing of a summer night,
The curlew call upon the scented breeze
For me all chant a deeper, sterner lay
Than joy; even the fitful stirring of a leaf
To one whose fancies ever are at play
Seems whispering always of divinest grief.

Kaiwanna

(IN THREE PARTS—PART I)

Elizabeth C. E. Malcolm

KAIWANNA sat underneath a mango tree, playing in the dust with the yellow mango blossoms that lay like a golden coverlet over a king's couch. She wiggled her toes in the dust and as she felt the soft powder between them she felt a joy—a smile seemed reflected over the whole earth and everything was good.

The tall tree that towered over her protected her from the fierce tropical glare of the sun and broke the glaring sunlight into soft checkered patches all around her and even threw its shadow over the dusty, almost-white road.

Everything seemed silent and still and yet the teeming life of the universe was everywhere in evidence. Kaiwanna watched some large black ants climbing the little hillocks in their miniature world. A bee came buzzing and settled in one of the red poppies that formed a crown around her black hair. Her hands were nimbly wreathing another garland of the yellow mangó flowers idly, yet with a purpose. Suddenly she started, for in the distance the heavy tread of horses' feet shivered the earth although they could not be heard yet.

In the oppressive heat, two men were riding leisurely along the white ribbon of road which seemed to come from the horizon and end in the distance. The horsemen were clad in the usual white duck of the tropics, and each wore the familiar white pith helmet. No! it was not his clothing that made Kaiwanna stare so fixedly at the younger of the two men. One she knew, Don Alvarez, a Spanish nobleman, a rich planter who owned most of the island; the other—yes, she has heard her uncle speak of him, the new Americaine; so he was come! Kaiwanna, who was accustomed to the dark-eyed, dark-haired men of her village and the few Spainards who came to see Don Alvarez,

felt her heart leap at the man's red-gold beauty. "It is Vishnu, Vishnu, himself," she murmured. Now this was evidently wrong, for Kaiwanna was a Christian, and weekly went to the little mission Sunday school, where she was given bright tinted picture-cards; but in times of stress the religion of her grandmothers descended on her, and although she nightly said her prayers, just as regularly every morning she gathered wild flowers for the shrine of some obscure genius loci!

It is no wonder that this warm-hearted child of the tropics should feel her pulse leap at the sight of Richard Weston, for even her colder-hearted sisters of the North had not remained immune from his strong personality, and it was to break off an undesirable engagement that his father had pulled the string that caused this obscure consulship to be offered him.

It was only however by appealing to his sense of duty to his country and his inherent patriotism that Richard Weston had been prevailed upon to leave all he held dear. There had been tears and vows at that parting, promises of eternal love and daily letters—so earnestly given, so easily broken.

Don Alvarez saw Kaiwanna first. He frowned and twitched his horse toward the farther side of the road. Richard Weston glanced at the gnarled mango tree and met the wistful eyes of Kaiwanna. "Pretty child," he said to his companion. "Native, I suppose?"

"Here father was a white man, I believe," replied Don Alvarez carelessly.

Richard Weston nodded and looked again at Kaiwanna, nestling among the mango roots. She might have been the dryad of the tree, he thought, those red flowers in her black hair, and her shy questioning eyes. "What is the child's name?" he inquired.

Don Alvarez frowned again. "Kaiwanna, I believe," he said abruptly. "In the dialect it means 'Little-moon-in-my-sky'."

"Oh, yes, thank you."

The Spainard glanced at Weston keenly. Why in the devil this tremendous interest, but no doubt it was only

the picture the child made. She would be like her mother, he thought, and once again he could see her mother, Avano, with her veil thrown back, bearing the water-pitcher set firmly on her hip, with lissome grace; once again he felt the touch of her tender hands and caught the glance from her darkened eyes. He shook himself impatiently and frowned, then sneered again. "Child, you said?" he queried. "She is thirteen—the girls down here are women at fourteen; at twenty, hags." He said this with a kind of vindictive bitterness, not so much, it seemed to Weston, to him, but to himself. Don Alvarez, as if ashamed of his momentary outburst, said nothing else until they were reining up at the thatched cottage, the future home of the consul. Already, from a high pole in a tiny clearing in front of the house, the stars and stripes fluttered in the breeze that blew in from the sea which was only about a mile distant.

"Hope you like your new quarters," said Don Alvarez, not dismounting. "Imra, take good care of his excellency;" then with a touch of humor, "be sure you don't feed him chickens over five years old."

"Oh, say, hold on," called Weston. "Aren't you going to have supper with me?"

"Thank you, Don Weston, but I have pressing business at my hacienda. Farewell," and turning, he rode away.

"Nutty guy," was Weston's thought as he turned into the spacious veranda. "Whew, it's hot. Now for a little bite to eat."

Weston enjoyed the tropic life. To rise at eleven and breakfast on melons and juicy fruits, to sip limeade 'til luncheon, then sleep 'til cool of evening, suited him exactly after his strenuous life in—Philadelphia.

Although his time gave him unlimited opportunity to write long and often to the girl he left behind, his letters grew fewer and fewer; the sea between them not only separated their lives, but their thoughts and interests.

He found out how intrinsically worthless were the activities that she laid so much stress on, and a reaction set in, leaving him assured that they had both been mistaken, but he would not break their engagement. That was

her place, and until she did he would keep it in word any way.

It was while he was thinking of this awakening and the altering of his opinions, one night on the veranda, that he became aware of a shadow that shifted strangely. It was too small for Imra, his servant, he decided, and he was just about to shift his position when a curving shape thudded down almost upon him out of the darkness. His tilted chair untilted—"Who is there?" he spoke in dialect.

"Kaiwanna," a soft musical voice replied. Weston rose up in astonishment, when all at once the moon came out of a cloud and shone down almost as bright as daylight, and in its radiance he saw a writhing mass at his feet.

"Back," he commanded. "Back. A snake."

"I have killed it," answered Kaiwanna calmly. "It was about to sting thee, Tomeri!"

"You killed it by jumping on it! You risked your life for me, Kaiwanna?"

"One jumps right, no danger," the girl answered gravely, looking at Weston with all her shy soul in her eyes. "To-night she is more like a wood-nymph than ever," thought he, "with her brown filmy veils and those dull-green woven grasses and the yellow wreath of mango blossoms on her hair;" but he only said, "Thank you, Kaiwanna."

"No, Tomeri," she answered, "when I was sinking in Towaleth, the-blue-home-of-death, thou saved me, and I do repay only." Then without a sound she turned and was gone.

Weston, sank back in the chair. "Plucky little devil," he thought, "saved my life too." He looked at the glittering coils of the snake; "Broke his back at one bound, ugh!" He kicked the still writhing snake off into the dust.

"Little-moon-in-my-sky," he repeated aloud, "little-moon-in-my-sky."

"Oh, the look in her eyes that day I caught her when she fell in the ocean."

He had been wandering along the beach, on a kind of exploring tour, when far off he had seen a slender figure reach out over the sea and disappear. He had set out

on a run to the place, and diving in, pulled Kaiwanna out just as she came up for the last time. The bank of coral went down in sheer descent into the ocean here, and natives said there was the mouth of the pit, for its depth had never been fathomed.

"Funny," he thought afterwards, "wonder what the girl was doing leaning over there?"

It would have taken another woman to tell him that what she saw in the opalescent depths was her own picture; indeed in the native tongue, its name meant: "Calm-giver-of-faces."

"How she had developed," he mused, "since that day, it seemed so far away, though in reality it was only eight months ago, when he had ridden by and seen her curled up by the roadside. Pretty, nay, beautiful, graceful, and tender—"

The moon overhead seemed to pour out floods of silver glory from her bowl. "Little-moon-in-my-sky," he said aloud, "Kaiwanna."

There was a rustle at the farther end of the porch. "I am here," she breathed, "Tomeri."

The blood throbbed in Weston's temples, his pulses were beating like trip hammers. "You, Kaiwanna?" he said hoarsely.

"Me, Kaiwanna," she repeated slowly.

He caught the heavy jasmine scent from the huge creepers, he drew in a breath of the honey-sweet henna that all women of the tropics use, the soul of the South. Unhesitatingly his arms went 'round her. He held her so close that he could feel her heart beating in unison with his, he bent down to draw the veil from her face, the veil that no native girl takes off except on her wedding night—He stopped, and as suddenly as he had grasped her he let her loose. "God, I can't," he uttered and turning left her.

Kaiwanna swayed a little. "My heart," she said passionately, holding out her long slender arms, "heart of my heart, my well-beloved." Then she too turned and disappeared into the night.

In the morning Weston arose with a throbbing headache. He had not slept at all that night. His love for Kaiwanna struggled with convention. "I cannot marry her," he reasoned. "She is a half-breed, wholly primitive, but wholly lovable."

Don Alvarez dropped in that evening for the first time in many months. He noted Weston's bloodshot eyes and twitching hands, but put it down to gin.

"Fool," he thought, "drink and this climate together spell death," but he only said, "Weston, can you come up to my hacienda and spend a couple of weeks with me?"

Weston was about to refuse; it would seem to Kiawanna like running away, but no, there he would get time to judge calmly and sanely. No sight of her would influence his judgment. "I shall be delighted," he answered. "Oh, Imra, pack my valise and bring it tonight on Cata, saddle Amath for me."

Don Alvarez and Weston rode down the white ribbon of a road that seemed to come from the horizon and end in the distance.

Weston glanced reminiscently at the tall mango tree and saw again in fancy the slender brown maiden huddled there, but he did not see the figure that clung behind its trunk to come out when he had passed. He did not hear the soft-pleading voice, "O Tomeri, Tomeri, why goest thou away? O well-beloved, the months will gather darkly 'til thou comest back to me."

He did not see the figure turn and glide back into the shade; perhaps if he had he would have come back to the spot where the yellow mango blossoms lay over the soft white dust like a golden cover over a king's couch.

(End of Part I)

The Butter Bilin'

Judith Fenner

"**R**UN, see who that is goin' down the road, Mary Lou."

"The horse looks like Mr. Ford's, but I can't make out who that is in the buggy," replied Mary Lou, peeping between the stiff starched curtains with interested eyes.

"Well, I must say, that don't tell me much. Mr. Jake Ford has four sons, and then Mr. Dick Ford and his five makes eleven in all—Fords have to be numbered in these parts."

"Oh, I was meanin' Jack Ford," and Mary Lou blushed vividly, as she turned back to her work with a nervous jerk. "He's the only one I see ridin' by this way much."

"Humph, it seems like *he* hasn't been ridin' by much lately," returned Miss Sally quizzingly. "I was a-wonderin' last night what had become of him."

A deep silence followed—Miss Sally's knitting needles could be heard, click, click, as she knitted away on a red and black sweater for some friend or other. This evening she was visiting, and not finding Mrs. Brown at home she had settled down to chat with Mrs. Brown's pretty young daughter, Mary Lou. Miss Sally was not so easily turned aside when her curiosity was aroused, so she asked in a most careless tone:

"When was he over last—it seems I haven't heard any news from the Fords in a coon's age."

"It's been a good while since I saw any of them myself—three weeks ago tonight," and Mary Lou gave her work a final shake, as if that was the end of it all, so far as she was concerned. Yet the persistent Miss Sally sat, waiting and smiling in patience for her further answer.

"Let's see—three weeks ago tonight—to be sure!—that was the night of the butter bilin' over on Sandyridge. That reminds me, I never did hear the particulars 'bout that affair; tell me how it all came off." Miss Sally's voice

had a most persuasively pleasant note in it now, as if she had settled down for a nice long talk. With that Mary Lou gave away completely, and forgetting her crusty reserve in her delight at being able to tell Miss Sally a piece of news—that was one of Mary Lou's pleasures—to tell news—and to think of telling Miss Sally some, was too much of a temptation.

"Well, you know how many airs the Tylers do put on. When we got there that evenin' they had things all ready for to start in peelin'. You know they usually let the boys, who are there early, bring up the apples, while the girls do the peelin', so everything will all be cleared off by the time it gets dark and the fellows start to comin'."

Miss Sally dropped her knitting and leaned back, "How'd the Tylers fix it then? I never went to a butter bilin' in my life that I didn't peel the most apples."

"Yes'am, we did the peelin' all right, but it was all so prim like; all of us had big baskets and there were about twenty-five of us girls, so we finished by sundown. They had the biggest iron kettle to make the apple butter in I ever saw, but they always think it's up to them to have the biggest everything."

"That's not wrong," nodded Miss Sally, encouragingly, "and did they move the things out of the front room to dance in?—That's such a powerful big house, too."

"No indeed, they didn't. Patsy Tyler turn'd up her nose an' said: 'Ah, dear, no; we're going to have a platform dance down under the willow oaks, I thought it would be something new,' and sure 'nough it was."

"Oh, yes," recalled Miss Sally, "I recollect now. Patsy's been down to Norfolk vistin' her uncle; no doubt she's h'isted. How did it come out?"

"'Bout time it was dark good the fellows began comin'. I never did see so many; where they come from is more'n I see. I tell you some came from t'other side Crazy Creek. Jack Ford has been goin' with me right smart, so I didn't think nothin' of it when he as't me for the first round dance. Time that was over 'bout a dozen or more fellows came up askin' me to give 'em the next one; but I knew

Jack bes' and so I waited 'til he spoke up, and then I said I was promis'd next."

"That reminds me now. Jack Ford's had a good sum of money left him lately, hasn't he? I'll bet Patsy Tyler was a thinkin' of that then."

"So she was, Miss Sally, 'cause when it came time for the second couple to sit out an' stir the apple butter an' keep the fire burnin', Patsy tucked her head, an' smiled at Jack an' told him she wanted his 'partnership'—so sly like. Well, all the boys kep' crowdin' up to dance with me, an' teasin' me 'bout Jack. I up an' told 'em just for fun that I'd promised him every dance after the midnight feast, so by an' by I looked 'round for Jack; not seein' nothin' of him I kep' on dancin'. The boys all kep' on snikerin' and actin' so funny, so I looked 'round for Patsy, but sure 'nough there she was. Jim Temple had gone 'round and gotten her, and was just a'whirlin' her 'bout."

"But, my lands; Mary Lou, where was Jack all that time?" edged in Miss Sally.

"That's what I'm gettin' to now. I heard Jack call and say t'was somebody's turn to stir—an' then I heard him call, 'Mary Lou, oh, Mary Lou.' But I didn't want 'em all to think I was so dead in love that I came at every beck an' call from Jack Ford, so I kep' on dancin' an' thought to myself, Umph! if he wants me he can come out here'n the light an' say so.

"Seems like they kep' him out there a mighty good while," remarked Miss Sally.

"So they did, an' longer still. The boys never had no use for Jack, so they all 'ranged 'mong themselves not to go near 'til Jack plumb left the kettle. But you see I didn't know that then. They'd dragged Patsy away, an' 'most danced her to death, makin' her think she was the most popular thing there."

Miss Sally's interest grew keener and keener. "Goodness sakes, how long did he stay; but I always knew Jack was a meek critter, tho' I 'spose he staid 'til they chose to call him in."

"Well, he ain't so very meek neither, but he did play fool for stayin' as long as he did. Time passed on, and day began to break. I could hear the stirrin' goin' on, and I saw the fire burnin' just as bright. By that time I thought he was stayin' out there 'cause he was peeved up 'bout me not comin' when he called. So I thought I'd let him sit out there an' pout if he wanted to, and I didn't so much as ask about him, but I just kep' on dancin'. You see I'm tellin' it as I know it all now."

"Surely, surely, go on," and Miss Sally's large eyes were shining with interest and wonder.

"Day break came an' there set Jack stirrin' that apple butter. He thought I was behind that joke the boys were playin' on him 'cause I didn't want to dance with him. It seems like he boiled some too. 'Long towards mornin' an ol' black cat came sneakin' up—all wet with dew—and sat down by the fire; he licked his paws an' washed his face, so calm like. Jack was so mad he pick the ol' cat up and threw him in the bilin' butter, and kep' on stirrin'. There was a basket full of peelin's and cores sittin' there, and he dumped them in too, an' kep' on stirrin' so nobody would 'spect nothin'."

"Well, I declare, who'd a thought Jack Ford could be so spicy," exclaimed Miss Sally.

"The boys kep' on laughin' to themselves, and we danced plumb 'til 'twas light good. By that time I was thinkin' 'bout goin' home, an' the whole thing began to break up. We'd gotten so taken up in the dancin' that we hadn't given the butter a thought, so we all walked 'round to see how it had come out and what had become of Jack."

"Humph, I bet he was gone," Miss Sally put in quickly.

"Yes, he was that. Mrs. Jones peeped over in the kittle, and screwed up her face. 'That's more'n I ever saw made before. It sure do look funny tho'.' 'Yes, it looks like it's got hair in it,' Patsy said, 'locking sideways everywhere for Jack. I marked that 'specially. Then we all brought up our jars and began fillin' 'em up, when the cores and peelin's started comin', and right in my jar—the second one they filled—out come the front paw of that poor ol' cat; most of him was cooked up. My first thought was that

'twas Jack himself. When I saw what 'twas, and heard all them remarks, I ran upstairs and took my bundle and came on home—and I ain't seen Jack Ford but once since then. That was him what drove on down the road just now. Like as not he'll be back by here tonight," ended Mary Lou, as she gave her pretty head a proud toss.

A Mountain Sunset


E. W. W.

ROYAL PURPLE shadows cling
About yon mountain side,
And downward in its chasm
The dank, dark waters glide.
Overhead the vault of blue,
Inlaid with pearly drifts,
Edged in silver ribbons,
Misty, milky rifts,
Softly shadows all.

Rugged cliff and jagged crag
Are gilded in the beams
That the burnished orb of day
Sheds in golden streams.
Darker grow the shadows
From the falling sable circle
Of Cynthia's wings veiling,
Shining gold and purple,
Night reigns supreme.

The Little Old Lady

Myrtle Parker

HE CLASS BELL rang and the gentle little old lady came in to meet her eager class of young girls. She was such a dear little old lady, so dainty and sweet with her white hair combed back so softly and her blue eyes shining brightly on everybody. All her girls loved her, but she was especially dear to Martha Bryant. Martha was not in the best of spirits today, nor did she feel equal to the task of attending to anything but the letter in her pocket—a letter which seemed to be crying to be read again and again.

The little old lady always held everybody's attention, and soon Martha found herself listening to her. The teacher was very much interested in her subject, and as she talked her face brightened and became so animated that she looked like a girl. So youthful was her appearance that to Martha the teacher seemed to vanish and in her stead stood the quaintest and daintiest of old-fashioned girls. She was quite complete, from her little bonnet to the bottom of her full, flowered skirt, and she seemed made for all the joy and happiness in the world.

Martha smiled to herself after class at the memory of the little old lady's transformation.

"I must have been dreaming," she said, "but I wonder what she was like when she was a girl. Could she have been as dainty and dear as that? I wonder why she has never married. I'm sure someone must have loved her and loved her very much, for there's nobody any kinder or sweeter than she."

Not only had Martha been interested in the little old lady that morning but the little old lady had also especially noticed her.

"What is the matter with Martha?" she asked one of the girls after class. "She has been the brightest, happiest girl in school the three years she's been here, but lately

she seems so lifeless and sad. I should least expect it of her in her senior year."

"I don't know exactly, Miss Shannon, but I think it has something to do with the man she's engaged to. She won't say anything about it but I know it concerns him."

"Will you take this note to her for me, dear? I want to see her this afternoon on business," and the little old lady went home, wondering why Martha, of all girls, should be so listless and unlike her usual self.

When her note reached Martha, the girl was reading again the letter she had received that morning. Worry, doubt and disillusion were written on her face in place of its usual brightness.

She went to see Miss Shannon gladly, for she knew that in the society of that attractive little lady she could forget her troubles to some measure. She found her hostess sitting before the fire, waiting for her.

"You wanted to see me, Miss Shannon?"

"Yes, dear, come in. The wind has blown roses into your cheeks. Is it very cold outside?"

"Just cold enough to make this fire feel delightful. It is so cozy and homelike here and so different from school."

"Little girl," the little old lady began, "I don't want you to think me presumptuous but I asked you to come to see me because you looked so wistful this morning, as though you wanted someone to talk to, to really tell things to. Don't you want to tell me?"

She put out her hand to the girl, and with one grateful look into her face Martha seated herself on the floor beside her and began:

"I do want to tell somebody all about it and I want somebody to tell me if I did right. I haven't a mother and somehow I can't tell the girls at school. If you will let me tell you, it will help so much."

"Tell me, child, I'll understand."

"It's about George, George Dean, the boy I've been engaged to all winter. I thought him fine and good and everything he ought to be until two weeks ago. Then a girl at home, who has always been very good to me, wrote me something that she knew he had done, and if he did

it I'll have to give him up. I wrote George about it, and he, of course, emphatically denied it. I don't know what to do. The girl has no reason that I can see for telling me an untruth about it and he has all the reasons in the world for denying it. He wrote me that if I didn't trust him in this that I couldn't love him. I try to believe him but I can't believe them both and I can't see why the girl should tell me if it were not so."

The little old lady had listened eagerly to all the girl had said and now she put her hand on the head resting against her knee and said:

"Let me tell you a story now, Martha—a long ago story of when I was a girl."

Martha looked up quickly at this, surprised that she should hear so soon what she'd been wondering about in the morning.

The teacher's eyes softened as she continued:

"I loved a boy, a boy that I thought true and good and everything he ought to be and I was engaged to him. Then, one day, I heard something about him that I couldn't believe. I scoffed at the idea at first, but it grew and grew until I did believe it, even though he told me again and again it wasn't true. But I sent him away from me until he could prove it. I'll never forget that day. He was so hurt, and how heartless I must have seemed!"

Her eyes were gazing deep into the fire, looking back into the years gone by, and the soft light of the fire cast on her face made her look, for the second time that day, like a girl.

"He went away, but at first he couldn't prove the falsity of what I had heard. He went to Norfolk, and while he was there the terrible yellow fever epidemic broke out. He stayed there and helped fight it for awhile, but soon it conquered him. He died there, alone, and I didn't even know where he was."

The storyteller's eyes were wet now and she couldn't go on right away, but soon she said:

"Two years later the falsity of what I had heard was proved to me—proved conclusively. Do you see now, dear,

why my life is not as full and happy as it might be and why I told you to come and tell me about your troubles?"

"Yes, Miss Shannon, and I thank you so much for telling me. Why didn't I see all these things before? Maybe Elsie is jealous of me, maybe—there can be so many maybes."

Jumping up she kissed the little old lady.

"I know this much, though," she said, "I believe George, and I'm going to write him that I believe him now and that I'll always believe him."

To —

Elizabeth C. F. Malcolm

OUT of the darkness around me,
Out of the velvet-eyed night,
Memories rise up to confound me,
Memories that kissed me and crowned me
In luminous radiant light.

The four narrow walls that had bound me
Gave place to an infinite view;
Ah, now then could mere walls surround me
When Love, the eternal, had found me
Had given me the universe—You!

Indian Fighting

Katherine Timberlake

OO-TOO. With a long wailing whistle and a clang of bell the train drew slowly out of the little Nebraska town where it had stopped for water. In one corner of the long, hot Pullman, reeking with coal-dust, grime, and the odor of stale lunches, a restless, impatient little boy of about eight years was insistently demanding his mother's attention.

"Mama, mama! How long is it now till we'll be to Custer's battlefield?" he asked for the fiftieth time. A story of that famous battle told to him several weeks before by a young uncle, together with the information that he would pass within sight of it, had impressed itself indelibly on the youngster's mind—so much so that at every station and several times between stations he must needs inquire if they were nearing that famous field.

"No, dear, no. Not till tomorrow evening," his weary mother answered.

Tired and searching for amusement, the child pressed his small face against the windowpane. Outside the dreary, monotonous sand dunes unrolled their broken lengths. Sage-brush and sand, sand and sage-brush, as far as the eye could see, broken only occasionally by a distant mountain peak, faint and scarcely distinguishable from a cloud; and above all the dry, hot, quivering air of the desert. What was there in all that to interest a little boy?

He turned his eyes inward. Impatient, restless, they searched the car. There were the usual kinds of passengers—homeseekers bound for the far distant western states, children in soiled cotton dresses, the pallid consumptive seeking health in a lighter atmosphere, the suave, carefully dressed land speculator just now perhaps a little overheated, both in body and in temper—all bound westward.

Seated with his face turned backwards, the boy found a moment's interest in the bald head and wide-open mouth of the sleeping man in the seat behind his mother. A

fly buzzed curiously above the open mouth. It reminded the boy of Pug, the dog at home, and the way he opened his mouth as a trap for flies. Fascinated, he stood up in his seat and watched. The fly settled warily on the man's lip.

"Now, bite it! Bite it!" he shouted. "Aw!" disappointed, "you don't know as much as P——."

A lurch of the train sent him tumbling to the floor, and a loud wail broke the rattle of the train as his small body crushed his little sister's leg against the seat. The bald-headed man roused at last and glared angrily at the disturber of his slumber.

"Bah! such kids oughtn't to be allowed to live," he grunted crustily. "Ha-ha! Ha-ha!" and he clapped his hands gleefully together. "Served you right, served you right," as the dazed mother, also just awakened and not understanding the cause of the disturbance, slapped the small boy's hands.

"Don't tease little sister, Bobby. Don't tease her. You worry mother so, dear. Do be a good boy."

Bobby, glaring angry vengeance at the bald-headed man, climbed back on the seat.

"Ha-ha, ha-ha," the pleased chuckle of the fat man, leaning forward with a taunting, hateful expression on his face, was to Bobby as the red rag to the bull. Shaking an angry fist he yelled:

"I'll get even with you, you darn ole——."

"Bobby! Robert Hall Williams, what *do* you mean? Come to me this instant! Now what did you mean by that?"

"He—he laughed," stuttered angry Bobby, an accusing finger pointed at the fat man. "He laughed at me, and I—I didn't mean to hurt her—I fell off. O-oh!" and with a wail he buried his woes in her lap. His mother smiled tenderly as she ran her fingers through his hair. "Well, it certainly wasn't nice of him, dear. It was very impolite and rude, but—" and here her lips grew stern. Her little boy should *not* speak such language. "Now, Bobby, what do you think mother ought to do to you for saying that bad word?"

Bobby evidently thought nothing.

"Bobby!"

Thus prompted, Bobby, who knew from long experience what was coming, sobbed forth:

"I g-guess you'll (sob) haf-to (sob) wash my mouth out with so-o-oap, but Oh, I hate him!"

Some time later a clean-mouthed but inwardly rebellious Bobby, having been strangely persuaded by his mother, walked up to the fat man.

"I'm sorry I called you a darn old man."

"Eh!"

"I'm *sorry* I called you a darn old man."

"O-oh, why—."

But Bobby, having made his apology, turned away. Out of the tale of his eye he saw the fat man's foot lying close to his.

A vicious kick and—

"Ouch! You—you—little rascal!" And if one had been watching the bald-headed man closely he might have seen a slow smile spread over his face.

Feeling somewhat relieved in mind, Bobby sat with face glued against the windowpane. They were nearing the castle-hill country now. Castle-shaped hills with almost perpendicular sides and with stunted pines scattered here and there over them, for all the world like turret-shaped castles, rose here and there out of the plain. As it grew darker the stubby pines scattered over the hills became lurking Indians, and Bobby, the valiant General Custer, was leading his brave men to the rescue of the women and children in the town, the faint glow of whose burning buildings could be seen over in the west. Suddenly, with a savage yell, from every rock and hillside the Indians pour down upon them. Instantly all is confusion. Horses rear and pitch. With curses the men try to control them and to form in a circle. Arrows fly hither and thither. One takes the hat off his head. Then they are in the midst of it. Hand to hand they fight. In the midst of a mass of swaying, struggling bodies he and the greatest chief of them all meet—and grapple!

* * * * *

The light came on in the car and Bobby, dazed, turned around. The bald-headed man was swaying down the car after a drink. Bobby's mother was getting down their lunch basket. All about them people were eating their lunches. The odor of ham, chicken, and stale bread hung heavy on the air. This Bobby dimly realized, but the smell of gunpowder was still strong in his nostrils. All his grievances against the fat man arose in his mind at the sight of his bald head. But the spirit of the game was still strong on him. The fat man became Sitting Bull, while he, Custer, crouched behind the back of his chair, now became a great rock, over the back of which he could just see the moon peeping. He was returning! The valiant Cluster, pin in hand, awaited his unsuspecting approach. The crucial moment arrived. With a yell of triumph Custer sunk his pin deep in the fat man's leg.

"O, Lord," with a yell of anguish Sitting Bull jumped three feet to one side.

"Drat you, kid! You little varmint, you! You—you!" And the fat man's voice was drowned in a splutter of indignation. But the valiant Custer, with a terrified look, had retreated to the farther part of the seat.

The fat man swore. The mother, mortified and blushing painfully, apologized. The fat man roared, and the mother promised that the child should be punished. Thereupon the valiant General Custer and mother retreated to the rear of the car.

Some time later a little boy, feeling very much abused and very angry, sat with feet drawn up on the seat and knees hunched up under his chin, viciously chewing a chicken leg.

"Darn it all! Yes, darn it all!" He would say darn to himself if he wanted to. Grown people never did understand anyway. Like to know how they expected him to think of all that truck about blood poisoning and all that. Besides the man had treated him meanest anyway, making him apologize, getting him spanked, and above all laughing. "Darn it! Getting stuck with a pin was no more than he deserved anyway."

The Merchant Marine: Its Decadence; Its Restoration

Katherine Langhorne Pannill

IN SPEAKING of a merchant marine, we mean the commercial fleets that carry on the trade between the various nations of the world.

Now let us consider the merchant marine of our own North American nation—its decline and its revival.

After the Jay treaty, in 1794, until 1804, our American shipping greatly flourished; owing to the fact that the United States, being a neutral nation, could convey her own, and the products of the West India colonies, to France and Spain, who were then engaged in war with Great Britain. By the year 1805 the jealousy of British ship owners had become so much aroused as to result in England's applying the "Rule of 1756," and our American vessels were then seized in large numbers by British men-of-war. In 1807 the Embargo Act was put in force, by which our vessels were not permitted to pass from our shores into foreign ports. This played havoc with our commerce. The war of 1812 but temporarily affected us favorably, for by 1815 most of our shipping protection was again taken away. However, in 1827, we carried 94 per cent of our imports, and it was at this time that the decadence of our merchant marine began.

Great Britain, who had by this time become a world-wide carrier, proposed the mutual abandonment of our navigation laws; and, in 1830, the proposal was accepted by the United States. The effect of this unwise legislation was that Great Britain's arrivals in our ports increased 300 per cent, while ours in her ports only increased 40 per cent. To this mistake of abandoning protection may be ascribed the chief cause of our decline. Then, when England adopted a subsidy system, the United States felt that in self defence she should do likewise, whereby the growth of our steam tonnage was so rapid that by 1856 it amounted to 6,200 tons in comparison with England's

6,500 tons. Soon after this the question of a forcible abolition of human slavery and the resulting secession movement engrossed the attention of our statesmen, both North and South—so that the subsidy system of the United States was abandoned. This proved disastrous to our shipping. Our commerce was thrown back to such an extent that it has never since reached even its relative importance. While our nation was at war with itself, foreign powers held full sway upon the seas, and when, after the four years of domestic struggle had ended, we attempted to re-enter the field of commerce we were sadly unsuccessful. There was nothing left for the American to do but to devote himself to the internal resources of his country, and apply himself solely to the rebuilding of the waste places brought about by the ravages of war. We depended upon foreign nations to bring to our shores and carry away to theirs, articles of commerce; and they were thus greatly enriched at our expense.

Now that the great European war is going on, with but little prospect or hope for its speedy termination, with foreign vessels employed in the military and naval service of their respective nations, and our foodstuffs and goods lying upon our wharves and in our storehouses damaged and decaying for lack of transportation, should we not reach out and reclaim our place upon the sea? The golden opportunity seems now before us. The belligerents demand our supplies and our producers demand consumers for our products, but how can we transport our goods thither without vessels?

On the other hand, we are not receiving the imports necessary for the continuation of our industrial activities. The great manufacturers of the Middle West believe that American ships are the only means by which the ocean rate competition can be successfully met. Their foreign trade cannot be developed with the foreign bottoms fixing the tariff for carrying their goods. We send a cargo abroad under foreign flags; the goods are placed to our credit, but the freightage goes to foreign credit. Both should be ours.

There are vast opportunities in South America, especially in Peru, Venezuela and Ecuador. These countries, though not so large as other South American countries, have not been drained of their wealth, and now offer to us golden opportunities for banking and trade, and would it not be far more economical for us to send our goods directly to South American ports than to have them go through England and Germany?

It has been shown that ships used in European trade often pay for themselves within a single year at the present prevailing freight rates. Would it not be better to use this money thus paid to foreigners towards building ships for ourselves?

Why did we build the Panama Canal, at the cost of \$400,000,000? We have but few American ships engaged in trans-marine service to use it. The trade routes of other nations were greatly shortened by our gigantic effort and great expenditure of our people's money, thus enabling foreign nations to extend their commercial conquests and take away from us what little commerce we possess. Present conditions reveal the fact that *now* is the time for action! *Now* is the time to make use of the energy expended in this wonderful construction, by laying the foundation for the building of a merchant marine over which shall float our own American flag!

There has never been such an *opportunity* since the American Colonies declared and gained their independence in 1776, and our *duty* plainly lies along the lines of producing and supplying the world with our abundant store of food and other necessities of life. While Europe is overwhelmed with war, the opportunity is offered to us to seize the trade openings all over the world and put our products of mine and mart and factory into every nook and corner of civilization.

Europe has left the plough, the forge, and the machine shop and with her ships is pursuing the dark death valley of war and waste, and our America is the last of the great nations left to supply the world while Europe fights.

What does it matter if we raise crops doubly great and if our factories increase their output twofold, if our

products lie and rot and rust at our docks and in our storehouses?

There is but one way to avoid such a calamity and that way lies in buying or building and operating under the American flag a merchant marine large enough, not only to carry off everything we have to sell, but such produce of other nations as must be transported from place to place the world over, and thereby obtain and hold the trade and stimulate industry among the nations of the world.

America has begun to realize the necessity of a well equipped marine. A great effort to procure one is spreading all over the United States.

For fifty years there has been little encouragement for American shipbuilding, due to the fact that England ruled the seas, but now a beginning should at once be made or we may lose out.

Our people all over the country are becoming enthusiastic over the anticipated merchant marine, and it is generally agreed that this marine should be all American—American built, American owned, and American manned.

If we buy ships abroad, it would mean that we take old ships off the hands of our foreign competitors and thus enable them, with our money, to build for themselves new ones. By building and owning our ships, this money could be kept in our own country. The United States has already become an international debtor, and to our debts the amount of \$200,000,000 must be added as the annual interest due to foreign investors. Our transportation charges in 1901 amounted to \$300,000,000. There are also large amounts to be paid to foreign underwriters on insurance account. With our American built and American owned merchant marine much of this expense would be needless, and whatever might actually be necessary would finally return to us.

Still, there is the much discussed question of whether we shall build or buy vessels. Many claim that foreign ships are cheaper. Of course foreign countries can build and operate ships more cheaply than we can, by reason of the fact that foreigners can be hired for less money

than Americans. Why not then let us hire these cheap Chinese and East India seamen? The only ships available for purchase, at present, are those of England, Germany and Austria, which are rendered useless by the war—yet, this purchase would involve a violation of neutrality, for each country could claim that we were aiding the other in carrying on the war with our money which we pay for these ships. Then our ships would be subjected to seizure, and, in all probability, the result of this purchase would be our being drawn into the war. This we do not wish, so let us remain neutral and leave these foreign ships to their present owners. Buying would be a deadly blow to shipbuilding in the United States, and with the foreign building would come a foreign owning and a foreign manning, when our policy should be to give to our own people employment and also to raise a nation of seafarers—intelligent sailors and great men interested in this great work. We already have skilled workmen and these should be encouraged. American ships have no superior in the California trade to Europe, nor are they likely to have in any other ocean trade, and when compared in fleets with the best ships of all nations, they are found to excel in capacity, size, value of cargo, cheapness of freight, safe delivery, good condition, speed, efficiency in navigation, escape from disasters, preservation both of life and property, and in reducing to a minimum the perils of the sea.

In conclusion, I say, let us nourish the growth of our merchant marine and thus enhance the prosperity of our American nation, and with "American ships for Americans" as our motto, let us not be satisfied until the "Stars and Stripes" float over one of the greatest merchant marines of the world's history.

The Right Medicine

Bessie Motley

THE religious and political machinery of the little town of Singville was vested in the Ladies' Aid Society. The oldest inhabitant could not remember the day when the ladies had not regulated the minister's salary and sermons, and told his wife what to wear. They led the weekly prayer-meetings, visited the sick and poor and comforted them by explaining to them the laws of hygiene by which they could keep well and the laws of economy by which they could keep in good financial circumstances. They led the singing at every funeral and accused the men of being poor managers and shiftless beings. It was no wonder that they took political affairs also in hand when the first opportunity appeared and Mrs. Shay favored the change.

Mrs. Shay was a very pleasant middle-aged lady who always carried her point because she happened to possess a flexible tongue and a good vocabulary. She had been the president of the society for a number of years, for no one else was ever nominated or voted for. After a year's work as leader of the political affairs Mrs. Shay was taken ill. That was six years ago and she had never been able to walk since.

Today the sun arose bright and early, but found that the village was astir long before its appearance, for the election was to last from sunrise to sunset. For whom were they going to vote? That was decided by the ladies. They had called a meeting and each one had given her word to vote for James J. Shay, after the president, Mrs. Jones, elected at the resignation of Mrs. Shay and at her request, had given a very touching address, stopping every now and then to let the sobs die down, urging them that they vote for their ex-president's son. So when the paper was passed around which read, "We the undersigned do hereby declare that we will vote for James J. Shay to be our next sheriff," every name was signed

and many of the married women signed their husband's name too.

As the voters gathered around the ballot box, each eager to cast a vote, James Shay, feeling very important, walked through the crowd shaking hands with all the ladies and embracing the men.

After the election was over and the ballots were counted, the Aid Society went over in a body to congratulate Mrs. Shay on raising such a suitable man for the occasion. They rang the door bell and were ushered to an upstairs room by the cook.

"Congratulations to you, Mrs. Shay," yelled all in a chorus.

"Thanks," replied the hostess weakly as she propped her head up with another pillow. "You girls find seats anywhere you can and tell me about the election."

They gathered around the bed, as many sitting on the edges as possible, all talking at one time and no one listening except the hostess, who nodded and smiled as if she understood it all. After they had chatted awhile, Mrs. Jones called the ladies to order.

"I have an idea, ladies," began Mrs. Jones clapping her hands. "Suppose we meet with Mrs. Shay tomorrow evening instead of going to the parsonage. I get tired of going there and seeing that faded green dress. It is a disgrace. I don't see why she doesn't wear another color any way."

"I move that we accept Mrs. Jones' suggestion and go home," said Mrs. Keith as she moved nearer the door, eager to be going home to the manifold duties left for her because Bridget was attending the revival at a neighboring town.

"I second it," put in little Mrs. Ellison, a great chum of Mrs. Sharp's.

"I'd like to know what you all are moving and seconding, Mrs. Keith—the removal of the green dress?" queried Miss Spencer, the only spinster member of the club, as she looked over her glasses perched on the end of her powdered nose.

Everybody laughed heartily at this question, but after all they decided to meet with Mrs. Shay and forsake for sure their custom of meeting at the parsonage.

"I've been in this room for five years today," began Mrs. Shay complainingly. "Dr. Johns has been here nearly every day and I don't believe he knows any more than I do about healing the sick. Land knows! I'll be glad when some of you women take that job from the men, too. I've always thought a woman should be a doctor; they are so much more sympathetic. I always feel better when one of you ladies calls to see me than I do after Dr. Johns comes, even if he changes the medicines. He said yesterday that he would give me a new medicine today if I wasn't better and I hope he'll do something. Any way you ladies have made me feel better than I have since I've been sick."

"You ought to get well, now. Your son is the sheriff and we elected him. Just think of it! My husband wanted an older man but I told him that James would suit to perfection by the time we got him broke to the harness," encouraged one of the grandmothers.

"Yes, we will have to look after him," admitted the proud mother. "I told him to get me some books on law and I had no fear that he would make mistakes. Nevertheless he seems a little excited."

For a long time after the ladies had gone Mrs. Shay waited for her son, but in vain.

"Here's a letter from Mars James, Missus. He's down dar in de parla waiting fer de anser," said Mrs. Shay's cook as she entered the sick room.

Mrs. Shay took the letter and read, "I may have done wrong but I could not do otherwise. I have had a long talk with the sheriff and I know I could never perform the duties of the position. What could I do if I were called upon to sell out the property of one of the ladies of the Society? I never would have the courage to do what I thought was right. You may know what I am going to say, but if not take it quietly. Mother, I have resigned. If you forgive me send for me. I am waiting in the parlor.

James."

With a loud shriek, Mrs. Shay rushed down the steps, leaving the bewildered cook staring after her. At the bottom of the flight of steps she ran into the doctor and nearly knocked him over.


"Why—er—what—where are you going?" asked the astonished doctor.

"That son of mine has resigned," replied Mrs. Shay as she ran into the parlor, but to find her son had disappeared.

"But you can't walk, can you?" called the doctor, as he followed after, and he reached the room just in time to hear Mrs. Shay reply, "I believe I was sick," and she sank into a chair.

"Quiet yourself, all will be well after a bit," advised the doctor. "I have promised you a new medicine and you see how it has cured you already. Your son has not resigned nor has he come home. I wrote you the note with an idea of its effect and it has worked a miracle. Good-day. Mrs. Shay, I wish you a long, healthy and happy life."

Sunset

 WAS sunset,
But a sunset so glorious
It seemed to proclaim
The heavens all-victorious;
And, gazing out in awe,
A voice whispered to me,
"A good soul's gone to heaven,
It's the reflection you see."

—A. M.

* * * * **Sketches** * * * *

THE RESURRECTION OF AUNT AGGIE

Yas, my chile, I 'spose dese heah Christian Scientifics is right smart, but I don' set much store by 'em myself. Leastwise when I'm hongry it don' do *me* no good to say to myself thet I's jes' had a good hot dinner. En when I's feeling kinder down-in-de-mouf, saying 'I's spry as er young colt don' *make me* so. But every one to his own way, says I.

Now dere wuz yo' Aunt Aggie. She'd been in bed wid er stroke fer fo' years, en couldn't move hand ner foot. De doctor come ter see her reg'lar en she tuk some kin' er medicine every hour er de day, but she didn't never git no better. En den one day yo' Uncle Josh and Cousin Sopherina went to de meeting er de Gran' Order er de Shepherds er Bethlehem en Judea, en lef' Aggie at home by herself. Dey wuz allers mighty keerful about leavin' her but the Gran' Order jes' met oncst er year en Aggie wanted ter heah all about hit so she sent Sopherina right erlong. Josh wuz er toler'bly good husband in some ways, but he never had no idee anything about what er woman wo'. Howsomever, Sopherina could jes' look at you slant-wise oncst en go home en tell her ma jes' which year befo' las' dress you had made over into a new style.

The meetin' wuz long en de dinner wuz late en de water-melons wuz so good thet hit wuz nigh onter dark when we all started fer home. I wuz gwine wid Sopherina home en de Johnsons lived right over de hill from dere, so we all started out tergedder. As we come promulgatin' erlong out er de woods in sight er de house Josh fetched a yell en we all looked en dere wuz de smoke jes' er powin' out er de trees where de house wuz.

When we git dere de house wuz already done fallin' en dere didn't seem lak nothing we could do to save yo' po' Aunt Aggie. All un us think she must be dead caze dere wan't nary sound from de house er tall.

We wuz all moanin' en er groanin' an' axin' one er nudder how we could hev a funeril when dere wan't nothin' but ashes to bury en er whole houseful er dem, when suddinly Sopherina holler out, "Look!" an' pint her finger toward de burnin' house. Dere sot Aggie right 'cross from us on de back fence. Sopherina holler ergin, "Ma's ghos'!" en fall right out. Wid dat Aggie git down off de fence en *walk* right over to us en grab holt er Sopherina and beat her in de back and says to me, "Don' stan' dere like a fool," says she. "Go git some water." Den I know hit twan't no ha'nt thet stood dere, but Aggie in flesh en blood. After we done bring Sopherina to, Aggie tole us how she wuz sleep en when she woke up en foun' de house on fire she didn't think erbout not bein' able ter walk but she jes' got right out er bed en walked right out de back do' en clum up on de back fence. En she hadn't walked fer fo' years! But she wuz dat shaky dat we hed ter mos' tote her over ter Br'er Johnson's en she couldn't walk good fer er month, mebbe.

Glad? Co'se we's glad. Leastwise most uv us wuz, but dey say thet Josh ain't never fergive Aggie yit becaze she laid dere in bed en did nothin' fer fo' years and he spent over forty dollars fer drugs!

May Blankenship.

CHASING A MOUSE

The dead silence that reigned supreme at midnight in one hundred and nine, third floor, White House, was broken by a faint nibble, nibble, nibble, in one corner of the room. The little noise kept up for a few minutes, then Helen called across to the other bed, "Mary, do you hear that racket?"

"Yes, I should say I do, and I believe it's that nasty little old mouse."

"Listen! There it is again! I just know that's what it is!"

"Well, I'm not going to let him eat up anything else that is in my bureau drawer."

"Well, you know you are not going to get up here as cold as this room is now and chase that little old mouse, and then apt as not you can't kill him."

"I'll just bet he won't be left alive if I can get half a chance at him."

About this time Louise and Ann awoke. Ann said drowsily, "Why in the world don't you all go to sleep and stop that talking—you won't want to get up at all in the morning."

"No," answered Mary, "we are going to get up right now. Don't you know I hear that mouse in here again."

"Sure enough?"

"Yes, don't you hear the paper rattling. He's right in the paper basket. Helen, if you will stuff that hole with paper that is behind your bed I'll turn on the light and then he can't get out if the closet doors are shut."

"This sure is exciting," said Louise, who was sitting up in bed. "Mary, if you'll give me something to hit him with I'll help you."

"That's just the trouble. I don't know what to get myself."

"Oh, I know the very thing," said Ann,—“that little piece of moulding. I'll get it for you, but I just can't help chase that mouse."

"Well, give it to me. I'm not scared."

Mary flashed the light on and in the twinkling of an eye the little mouse shot across to the corner where the hole had just been stuffed with paper. Mary and Louise stepped forth with a brave look on their faces, but Ann and Helen pranced on the beds, scared to put a toe on the floor.

"I hope you don't expect to stand in the middle of the beds while we pull them around, do you? We'll never catch him with so much furniture in here to move about anyway," said Louise.

"I'll sit on the table if you can slip that chair over here so I can step over without getting on the floor. I just can't

bear to think about a mouse running over my foot," replied Helen.

"Guess I can sit up there too," chimed Ann, as she scrambled up.

"Mary, you get that stick now and I'll use Ann's shoe," said Louise, and we will soon win the battle."

"Indeed you'll not win a battle with my shoe," screamed Ann. "Use that broom that's in the closet. Why I never could wear that shoe again if you did kill him with it.

"You can't use mine either," shouted Helen. "They are the very best shoes I've got to my name."

"Very well then, guess I can use the broom," said Louise as she snatched the broom from the closet.

Slap! Bang! Whack! Brooms and sticks were flying and the poor mousie was frightened almost to death.

"There he goes, Mary," shouted Louise. "Now you catch him when I chuck him out of the radiator."

About this time a thump, thump, thump was heard on the partition. The girls next door had been aroused by the awful noise of chairs, trunks and beds being moved around and turned over.

"Get quiet in there," shouted "Jitney."

"Can't do it. We're having a big time," was the reply.

In another minute the door opened and in walked "Jitney" with a ruler in her hand and a broad grin on her face.

"Ha! ha! Well, sir, upon my word. I just guessed it was a rat chase. Let me help you. Where is he now?"

"In the radiator," said Mary, "But I can't make him budge unless I had a smaller stick."

"Let me use this ruler on the little pest."

"Oh, there he goes, Louise; don't let him get under the trunk," piped Mary.

"Sure," exclaimed Louise, her broom poised in the air.

"What it takes to kill him I've got it."

"Where did he go, Mary?"

"Back in the radiator," said the two who were perched on the table. "Go after him, 'Jitney,' we are *rooting* for the home team."

"Just you wait and I'll give you something to yell for," said Jitney, and sure enough she raised her ruler and took good aim—whack! and the poor mouse lay stretched lifeless under the radiator!

"Poor little mouse."

C. S.

THE FOCUS

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1912.

J. L. Bugg, Notary Public.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Farmville, Virginia.

Editorial

Writing an editorial for the Juniors in this school is, to say the least, a precarious business. There are several reasons why writing a Junior editorial is difficult. Two hundred and twelve girls gathered from everywhere in the State, and out of it, with only a year to become similar in thought are apt to have various ideas as to the mission of an editorial. However, there are several points upon which we all must agree. The Junior is the largest class in school and without a doubt the most influential. Juniors here are something more than next year's Seniors. They are the dominant force of our student body. In their hands is the making or marring the ideals of our school. If the Juniors would unite against any practice or tendency they wished to wipe out that practice or tendency would be doomed. Therefore, Juniors let's unite and fight—uniforms for Normal girls.

We have found a very excellent editorial on this subject in the Greensboro, North Carolina, *State Normal Magazine*, and we take the liberty of reprinting it here:

Why do the Normal girls wear uniforms? You think we do not? We do, and in a far less superficial way than dress. We wear uniforms in our speech, Shall We than dress. We wear uniforms in our speech, Wear and an unattractive uniform have we chosen. Uniforms? In judging by our speech, an observer would be justified in thinking that the main aim of even our strongest girls is merely to use the most grotesque, fantastic and erratic sort of expressions that so attract the attention to their own absurdity that the thought within them is completely lost. But this is not the only feature of our uniform; for, while on the one hand we strive for bizarre forms of expression, on the other, we confine ourselves within the narrowest limits, overworking a few hackneyed words until one might suppose the language most poverty stricken. And even beside these faults we find ourselves dazzled by the garish trimmings of slang scattered profusely over this uniform of ours.

Why, with the unlimited number of words in the English language, ever sounding in our ears and stretched before our eyes on the printed page, why do we confine ourselves to "attractive," "good looking," "sweet," "nice," "funny," "fine," "pretty," etc., all so threadbare that they no longer denote or connote anything? They may mean anything. They mean nothing. They do not draw a picture or conjure up a feeling; and furthermore, they tend to imprison the speaker's thought. If the expression of thought is continually forced into the common groove, will we not begin to think in a common groove? As a remedy for this, I do not mean that we should bombard our friends with fustilades of bewildering, many-syllabled words, but merely that we should try to make our speech express the specific thing we have in mind.

Though seemingly in direct contrast to this habit of using hackneyed expressions, the habit of fantastic, unique use of words really amounts to the same thing in the end. As soon as one girl has concocted a whimsical figure which may be exactly expressive of her thought, we all seize it like a new absurdity in dress style and soon this becomes a part of the uniform. A stranger on our campus would think us restricted to the use of "crave," "peeve," "drape," and a

few more. If we must use these fantastic colloquialisms, why do we all use the same few? It is really coming to be a fact that all our thoughts are clothed so nearly alike that the thoughts seem of one mold. We are deliberately aping others, crushing out our own individuality.

The gaudiest note in the whole tasteless uniform which we have made our own is the use of slang. While we each condemn this with one part of the mind, yet in some other part the impression still clings that plain English is neither expressive nor piquant. In order to appear up-to-date and vivacious we must needs, says this hidden but persistent corner of the mind, make use of expressions which the dictionary classifies as "either coarse or rude in themselves, or current among the coarser, ruder part of the community."

Do we want to go back to our homes all over the State wearing this garish uniform as characteristic of college girls? Can we not keep to simple, expressive, cultured English, which we used when we came, improved by effort toward higher, broader knowledge of its possibilities? Can we not make in speech as in every phase of life, a definite effort toward self expression, and if we must wear uniform let it be the uniform of charity, simplicity and individuality of speech.—*State Normal Magazine*.

* * * Here and There * * *

MICE AND MEN

On Friday night, March 31, the Dramatic Club presented "Mice and Men," the well known drama by Madeline Lucette Ryley, in the auditorium.

The club, as usual, deserves credit for the work and skill in which the play was presented. Each part was well represented and showed genius on the part of many of the participants. It was very much enjoyed by the large audience which attended.

The cast for the play was as follows:

Mark Embury (a scholar, scientist and philosopher)

Mattie Love Doyne

Roger Goodlake (his friend and neighbor).....Elsie Bagby

Captain George Lovell (his nephew).....Pauline Bloxton

Sir Harry Trimblestone.....Eugenia Lundie

Kit Baringer (a fiddler and professor of deportment)

Dorsey Dodd

Peter (Embury's servant).....Jessie Kellam

Joanna Goodlake (wife of Goodlake).....Myrtle Parker

Mrs. Deborah (Embury's housekeeper).....Eunice Logwood

Peggy ("Little Britain").....Vix Rucker

Matron (of the Foundling Hospital).....Josephine Daniel

Beadle (of the Foundling Hospital).....Lucille Shepherd

Molly (a kitchen maid).....Laura Kice

FIELD DAY

On Friday, April 14, at 10 A. M., our annual Field Day was held on the athletic field. The day was bright and everything was ready for the enthusiastic participants and onlookers. The classes were grouped around giving cheers for their chassmates and songs for the school. The first on the program was "high jumping." The judges

were Messrs. Eason, Lear and Coyner. The contestants showed very good form and practice. The mark was gradually moved upward until little by little the group grew smaller. The three highest honors were won by Miss Florence Hall (senior), who jumped four feet and eleven inches, Miss Sadie Rothwell (senior), who also jumped four feet, eleven inches; and Miss Catherine Armstrong (third year). Misses Hall and Rothwell kept the notch at the highest point so the judges decided on the best form, Miss Hall, who is a beautiful jumper, winning. The ease and grace with which she cleared the line was worthy of praise.

The second feature was "shot put," judged by Messrs. Coyner, Long and Somers. The girls were allowed three trials and their distances averaged for the longest throw. Miss Wiatt (junior) showed remarkable strength and technique by putting the eight pound ball on an average of twenty-eight feet three and one half inches. Miss Rothwell (senior) won second place with an average of twenty-seven feet, eleven inches; Miss Elizabeth Rowe (senior) made twenty seven feet ten inches, and the third place. The other contestants showed splendid form and deserve special note for their efforts.

The third feature of the morning was "hurdling," judged by Messrs. Somers, Long and Coyner. All the girls cleared the bars with ease and grace, showing practice which could only make the beautiful form in which it was executed. The judges finally decided on the three best, and Miss Susie Snead (fourth year) was first, Miss Pauline Bloxton (fourth year) second, and Miss Eugenia Lundie (junior) third. There were eighteen contestants from the four classes.

Excitement was at a high pitch when the classes, each in turn, dashed the 45 yards across the field to see who would be the three best runners to enter into the final contest between the classes. Misses Hall, Hatcher and Macon won in the Senior contest; Misses E. Massenbury, L. Thacker and Helen Cahill in the Junior contest, Misses Gleaves, Criddle and E. Davis in the Fourth year, and Misses A. Marshall, C. Green and C. Armstrong from the

Third year. These winners were lined up and when the word was given the girls ran to give the honors to their respective classes. The first place was won by Miss Florence Hall, the second place by Miss Hatcher (both seniors) and the third place by Miss E. Massenburg (junior).

Next on the program was the "baseball throw." The distances thrown were remarkable for girls of such little practice and they deserve credit for the zest with which they entered into the contest. Miss Wiatt (junior) threw the longest distance (an average of three throws), 182 feet eleven inches. Miss Butcher (fourth year) won second place, and Miss K. Moorman (fourth year) won third place.

The "basketball throw," for distance, was next, and first honor was won by Miss Rothwell (senior), an average of 74 feet, while Miss E. Rowe threw a distance of 72 feet, and next Miss Wiatt 71 feet and eight inches. As shown by the distance the contest was close and filled with plenty of good hearty enthusiasm. There were fourteen contestants from all four classes. Judges were Messrs Lear, Long and Somers.

The fun of the day was the "three-legged race," judged by Messrs. Eason, Lear and Coyner. There were twelve couples from the classes, and when the word was given the pairs fell into step and away they flew, some tumbling and others hobbling on. Misses Lovelace and Marshall (fourth year) made the first place, Misses Zimmerman and Turpin (juniors), the second place and Misses Marshall and Wilkinson (third year) the third place. All the girls contesting deserve credit for the spirit and fun, as well as the enthusiasm with which they showed their eagerness to win.

The class "relay race" was well worked out, the field having the track around the four posts held by Seniors, Juniors, fourth year and third year girls. Ten girls from each class entered the race, and there was excitement the minute Miss March gave the signal to "go." The crowd cheered the racers until it sounded like the rooters at a World Series game. The Seniors' banner was carried to the center of the field by the last runner, Miss Hall, and placed in the square board where all could see the winning

class colors. Miss Noel followed a few minutes later with the Junior banner, and next the third year, and then the fourth year. Hurrah for the Senior class runners. All the contestants were good runners and the race was full of pep and ginger.

Dinner awaited the victors, after which, at two o'clock, the "broad jump" was featured. Miss Hall (senior) won first place, jumping twelve feet; Miss Marguerite Wiatt (junior) second place, and Miss Laura Meredith (junior) third place.

At 2.30 the Junior-Senior baseball game was played. The score was kept close for each side until with a score 15 to 10 the Seniors won in the end. The umpire was Miss March.

The totals by the girls who led are as follows:

1. Miss Florence Hall, fifteen points (senior).
2. Miss Marguerite, fourteen points (junior).
3. Miss Sadie Rothwell, eleven points (senior).

The Athletic Association gave a handsome blue sweater to the girl winning the most points. Miss Hall won it by one point over Miss Wiatt, who offered a good fight for the Juniors.

Miss Marie Noel, president of the Student Government body, and Miss Elsie Bagby, our next year's president, attended the annual convention of the Southern Inter-collegiate Association of Student Governments at Brenau College, Gainesville, Georgia, this last week.

We had as a visitor here the 13th and 14th of April, Miss Linling, W. C. T. U. speaker. Miss Linling made short talks in chapel on "Teaching Temperance in Schools." She brought out the story form of these lessons and gave very interesting talks.

On Friday night, April 14th, Winston Wilkinson, a seventeen year old youth, gave a remarkable violin concert in the auditorium. His program showed his love of beautiful music, and his presentation was worthy of praise. Most of his selections were from Kreisler. Miss Griffin played his accompaniment.

* * * * **Hit or Miss** * * * *

Miss Johnson—Girls, read “The Hare and the Tortoise” for tomorrow.

E-l-z-b-th L-k- (that night in the library)—Kathleen, please come here and help me. I can’t find that fable, “Higher and Tallest,” anywhere.

Mr. S-m-rs (five minutes after last bell, seeing pupil come in late)—Miss B-tl-r, did Mr. Long hold you?

M-r-g-r-t B-tl-r (blushing angrily)—No, sir, he didn’t hold me but he kept us till we finished.

I’ll recite for you a ditty—“Who knocked the pepper from Phillip’s hand?”

In geography a young lady was asked, “What is a monsoon?” She replied, “Well, I reckon it is a place where it looks like rain don’t hit, but it does.”

During practice on the baseball diamond the following incident happened:

Miss M., at bat, had knocked four fouls behind her when a Senior remarked, “If that’s the way you knock them you had better turn around.”

In Industrial Arts class:

Miss D. (drawing the diagram for a bird’s house)—This does not look like your figure, Mr. L.

Mr. L.—No, Miss D., it’s not supposed to.

Turn defeat into victory
Never let your courage fade;
If you get a lemon
Make the lemon-aid.—*Ex.*

BEAUTY HINTS

1. If anyone hands you a lemon cut it in two and rub it on your face for freckles.

2. Don't study late, even if you must be late to your 8.30 classes—the powder has to go on your nose at 8.29 and 59 seconds to meet the approval of your teacher.

Definition of "Hug"—A round about way of showing affection.—*W. Trident (Calf)*.

TOO TRUE, ALAS!

A school magazine is a great invention,
The school gets all the fame,
No one gets any money,
But the staff gets all the blame.—*Ex.*

Teacher—Tomorrow we shall take the life of Goldsmith.
Come prepared.—*Ex.*

Ju. to Lu. (early one morn')—Did you hear how hard it rained last night?

Lu. to Ju.—Why didn't you wake me up? I always could sleep better when it's raining.

THE CONVERSION

Puella sat in the foremost pew,
And heard the parson preach;
Puer came in late, so he
Was out of the good man's reach.

With fiery words the rector burned
To touch poor Puer's heart,
Great was his zeal to hurl at him
A sin-convincing dart.

"Come, whosoever will," said he;
But everyone sat still,
Till Puella cast a fetching look,
Then, Puer said, "I will."—*Ex.*

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ **Exchanges** ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

The Society number of *The Blue and Gold* is very interesting. We enjoy reading about your societies. Judging from the reports of the different societies they must be quite live and wide-awake organizations. The stories of this number are unusually good. "A Real Cake Romance" is a bright, interesting story, though perhaps a little unnatural in some parts. "Her First School" is a very appropriate story for a Normal School magazine. It shows quite a lot of originality on the part of the author.

Alleghany Breezes presents a very pleasing appearance as to cover, and the arrangement of the material is exceedingly good. Your literary department is noticeably lacking along the line of good short stories, poems and essays.

We are somewhat disappointed in your magazine because we feel that you have the ability to put out a little better magazine than you do.

The Woman's College Journal is on the whole a very clever, well-balanced magazine. Your literary department is very good indeed, but where are your poets?

The William and Mary Literary Magazine is one of the best publications we have received this month. The literary work of this magazine is of excellent quality. An interesting story and one that is well written is "The Salvation of Hubert." It holds the reader's attention to the last, while it also possesses the spirit and animation a story of its kind should. "Blackbeard," a story of unusual plot, is effectively written. The essays of the magazine give the reader some idea of the excellent work the school is doing. "A Study in the Painters of the Italian Re-

naissance" shows careful work and study on the part of the author. The poems of this issue in no way lower the standard of the magazine. But it is chiefly to the editorials that we look for an expression of the best thoughts and highest aims of a college and in "Undergraduate Success" there is a strong appeal to the finer qualities of the under-classmen.

It is with pleasure that we come to such a snappy and wide-awake magazine as the *John Marshall Record*. The March number contains some interesting and well written stories while there are some that are not so good. The "Continental Metal" is good in that it arouses the imagination of the reader to know how it will end. We believe, however, that an essay or two would improve your magazine, and that if you had a separate department for your jokes it would add to the appearance of your magazine. Another suggestion we would make is that you use a more artistic cover, one that would be more pleasing to the eye. Notwithstanding these things, however, we admire your school spirit, which is plainly seen all through the magazine.

We acknowledge receipt of *The Tattler*, *The College Message*, *The Record*, *The Student*, *The Hollins Magazine*, *Optimus*, *Stampede*, *Lemon and Black*, *The Bayonet*, *The Furman Echo*, *The Monitor*, *The Blue and Gold*, *Mary Baldwin Miscellany*, *State Normal Magazine*, and *The Talisman*.

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